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Seamen in the Port of London.

The philanthropic and Christian institutions formed in the metropolis, embrace in their sympathies and succour both British and foreign sailors. Foremost in this comprehensive humanity is the Foreign and British Sailors' Society, founded in 1818, and the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, which for sixteen years past has been in operation. With regard to the latter, its title explains its object. It assists and forwards to their homes all shipwrecked persons; it relieves the widows, orphans, and aged parents of mariners; it provides life-boats, establishes savings-banks, and otherwise assists sailors. The number of cases relieved in one year has been 3,687 widows, aged persons, and orphans, and 7250 shipwrecked persons, making a total of 10,937. This admirable society is partially sustained by the interest of the funded property, £17,000, which is set apart for the providing of small yearly sums to orphans and widows; and partly by subscriptions

from all parts of the kingdom. Its entire revenue is about £18,000.

The British and Foreign Sailors' Society, which has its auxiliaries in many places, has its head-quarters and centre seat of action and influence at the Sailors' Institute, Mercer Street, Shadwell, London. Its president is the Earl of Carlisle. "The object of the Society is the religious, intellectual, and social elevation of British and foreign seamen;" and the means employed for this end include the distribution of the Scriptures and religious tracts, preaching, domiciliary and ship visitation. In addition, there are found at the Sailors' Institute a reading-room, with good library, newspapers, magazines, maps, charts, writing materials, &c.; a coffee-room, where provisions of the best quality are supplied at moderate prices; a nautical school, connected with the Board of Trade, where a sound general education can be obtained by youths intended for the sea at low charges; class-rooms, for the day and evening instruction of adults

in navigation, writing, arithmetic, and mathematics; a bank, where seamen may deposit their earnings with safety, and obtain interest for the same; a lecture-hall, open on the Lord's Day for (three) separate Bethel services—on Tuesday evening for a secular service, on Wednesday evening for a temperance meeting, on Thursday for a Bethel service, on Friday evening for a lecture on some popular topic, and on Saturday night for another temperance meeting.

The Sailors' Institute is architecturally a very noble and beautiful structure, and it is so practically useful, as to be worthy of all admiration. To the tower there is free access permitted, with the use of a powerful telescope; and from this commanding situation there is obtained an extensive prospect of the river, docks, shipping, and suburban districts.

It is very pleasing to find that in the savings banks upwards of £12,000 has been received; that the teacher of the Adult Navigation School has had 181 students, of whom fifty-eight successfully passed the examination before the Marine Board; that the usual Sunday and week services have been attended by more than 5000 seamen; that ship libraries of various sizes, according to the number of the crews, are being placed on board out-going ships; that an agency is established to enroll members and obtain subscriptions for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society; that a good supply is kept for sale, in English and foreign languages, of the Holy Scriptures, and thus "Frenchman and Swede, Italian and Greek, Spaniard and Norwegian, Russian, Dane, and German, visiting our shores, are becoming possessed of that priceless jewel, more precious far than the peculiar treasures of kings and provinces, and by which many others

as well as themselves may be enriched for ever."

It is worthy of notice that there is in connection with the Sailors' Society an institution for foreign seamen at Rotherhithe, and especially for Swedes and Norwegians. Several masters of foreign vessels asked for and received loan libraries similar to those put on board British ships, but in the native languages of the respective crews.—An important mission has also been established at Dieppe, among British seamen.

It is pleasant when one visits the Institute, to see and examine the new hymn-book which has been prepared for mariners, and which they prize so highly. These hymns are sung both on shore and afloat—the latter at the nightly services held by the missionaries. They are used at all the stations of the Society around the English and Irish coasts, by the branch association at Natal, and at Alexandria, in Egypt, where "a large and important field presents itself." There, indeed, the services held on board the floating chapel, generously given by the late Pasha of Egypt, and moored in the harbour, became too small to accommodate the congregation; consequently, some adjoining staterooms were absorbed, thus providing additional room, the expense cheerfully defrayed by the sailor work-shippers.

Through means like these, coupled with missionary agents who have been seamen themselves, and a special blessing given in answer to prayer, the Spirit of God has wrought so mightily among seamen that an ever-increasing number of them are manly, intelligent, and exemplary Christians.—There are cases on record, within the last few years, where a pious captain and one or two of his officers and crew

like-minded, have left London port for far-distant lands; a gracious influence was brought to bear upon the rest of the crew, some utterly reckless, profane, and impure; others comparatively steady, but yet living without God. To such in special and authentic cases, the ship has become the house of God and the gate of heaven.

The Thames Church Mission Society, instituted in 1844, has rendered important spiritual aid, both to emigrants sailing from the Thames, and also to mariners. Its agents visit vessels between Greenwich and Gravesend, for the purpose of distributing Bibles, books, and tracts. There is divine service held in emigrant ships, and the crews of merchant vessels are invited to service on board the Thames Church-vessel, the "Swan." Ships visited, 4614; barges, 580; Scriptures sold, 1418; prayer-books, 606; tracts distributed, 11,324; attendants at 195 public services, 6591.

The Church of England has also its "Missions to Seamen," directed by clergy and laity. The offices of these missions are at 11 Buckingham Street, Adelphi. Active operations are carried on as much as possible afloat. To facilitate the enterprise, the Society has the use of Government vessels, and according to the latest report published, 12 chaplains and 12 Scripture-readers are provided with mission vessels and boats. The income of this institution is about £6000 per annum.

The Seamen's Christian Friend Society, established in 1846, and having its offices at 2 Bedford Place, Commercial Road, East, during last year held 897 services and meetings, on shore and afloat, attended by 17,373 seamen; 100,000 tracts, 4627 magazines, 572 Bibles and books, were distributed, and 7413 visits were paid to

ships and lodging-houses. The number of children attending the Society's schools and Band of Hope has been, on an average, 300; income, £1000.

The eminent ship-owners, the Messrs. Green, of London, have made permanent provision for a limited number of mariners in the Sailors' Home in the East India Road. Nor, in our necessarily rapid enumeration, may we forget specially to notice the Sailors' Home, and the Destitute Sailors' Asylum, Well Street, London Docks. The first stone of the Sailors' Home was laid in June, 1830, and it was opened on the 1st of May, 1835, for the reception of 100 men. Among its principal founders was the late Rear-Admiral Sir W. E. Parry. In an address delivered by him in 1853, he said—"Both this Home and the Destitute Sailors' Asylum, which have gone on side by side and hand in hand ever since, have had the blessing of God, not only in the incalculable good done within their own walls, but because they led the way to similar institutions."

Another illustrious name identified with the erection of the Sailors' Home is that of the late Captain Elliott, R. N. "Connected with a noble family, and entitled by education and station to the advantages of exalted society, *he willingly relinquished all* for his darling object of protecting and providing for the comforts of sailors, took up his abode in a humble lodging surrounded by gin shops near the Home, and for eighteen years of self-denial and devotion, made it the business of his life to superintend this institution."

The noble building at Well Street went on amidst much opposition from those who were interested in the vice and misery of sailors. It has had frequent additions made to it, and

now affords accommodation for more than 300 seamen. As many as 8993 were received in a recent year. Here there is every provision made for the sailor's comfort and happiness. He finds board and lodging on reduced terms, the voice of prayer and praise ascends every morning and evening, while in the adjoining Seamen's Church, with its 800 seats for the seamen of the port of London many attend divine worship.

Since the opening of this Home, it has received upwards of 130,000 seamen, of whom one-fourth have been old or returned boarders. These men have been of *twenty-eight different nations*, besides about 100 "born at sea." *

Not only is "Jack" watched over from his landing till, through terrible temptations to sinful indulgence, he reaches the Home, but, when there, his money is taken care of. Thus he becomes "as careful and provident a fellow as any other man." Since the year 1835, on a recent inspection of "Sailors' Private Money Accounts," as many as 139,180 accounts have been opened in the ledger, and the total amount of sailors' money received is £1,010,180. But for the Home, the greater part of this sum would have been squandered. Through its instrumentality, a total sum of £399,962 has been remitted home, and £40,000 has been invested in the savings' bank.

The demand for increased accommodation at Well Street have lately become so urgent, that the directors have been compelled to enlarge the Home, at a cost of upwards of £10,000. It was at the laying of the foundation stone of the additional building, that

the late Lord Palmerston gave utterance to the national admiration for the British sailor, and indicated in impressive language the debt of obligation which is owing to a class to whom so much of our prosperity and wealth is due.

The Destitute Sailors' Asylum, Well Street, affiliated with the Home, has, as its president, Admiral Sir William Bowles, C.B., assisted by a large and influential body of naval officers as vice-presidents and directors, as also by the devoted labors, among sick and diseased seamen of Dr. Burman, and christian ladies who furnish many articles of clothing.— "Their kind offices bear no trifling share in relieving the institution from pecuniary burdens." The sitting magistrates at the Thames Police Court have also given prompt aid to aged and disabled seamen, sending many to their native parishes, a service for which the funds of the Asylum could not have provided. More than 40,000 brought low by sickness, shipwreck, accidents, sin, robbery, and imposture, have found refuge here since 1827; 950 were received in a single year. Some remain longer than others, but for as many as possible ships are provided.

Wesleyan zeal and fervor have been for some years brought specially to bear on British sailors, and with marked tokens of blessing and success. The Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel is a conspicuous edifice to all who pass along Commercial Road East.— Its excellent minister has courteously furnished us with valuable information as to the progress and useful results of the agencies employed. It may be here remarked that it was a mistaken idea that sailors preferred "floating chapels" to places of worship on shore. What they sought,

* Since the first establishment of this Home, nearly thirty other Sailors' Homes have been opened in the United Kingdom, besides many in foreign and colonial ports.

needed, and welcomed were such edifices as the Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel and the Sailors' Institute, where sailors meeting with sailors—men of the one class and calling—might together sing praises to God, together unite in confession, supplication, and thanksgiving, and together listen to the proclamation of the everlasting Gospel. And thus we find that preaching in such places becomes to seamen a mighty power, attracting them to the Cross, and stimulating them to begin or to continue a life of faith and holiness. The missionaries and agents employed amongst sailors are often men whose early training, habits of thought, manner of speech, frankness, and sincerity, all tell of the sea.

Thus, in the *Mission Journal*, are three deeply interesting cases. One was that of a sea captain. He has sent for the missionary, and he has sent to him to come to the ship. He tells how yesterday (the Lord's day) "he had felt all his sins come to his mind, and he could scarce refrain from crying out." He had also felt much at the Reading-room service. He returned to his ship, hoping to find peace by reading the Bible, but it was as arrows to his soul. "Harry," he cried to the cabin-boy, who also had been at the chapel during the day, "here's a shilling for you if you read the third chapter of John to me." As he closed the Bible, the boy began to weep. "Why do you cry?" "I shall give you back the shilling," said the lad, "if you will let me kneel down and pray for you." "And there," adds the missionary, "they knelt, the captain and the boy, praying for each other that God would save their souls."

The total income of the Wesleyan Seamen's Mission last year was £634,

besides a sum of nearly £40 subscribed in aid of a Bible-woman's work.—At the last annual meeting, Mr. Horsfall, M.P. for Liverpool, presided, and the president of the conference eloquently pleaded the seaman's cause.

We must reserve a notice of what is being done for the men who wear the naval uniform, and the spiritual provision made for their children. We have to indicate, also, the special benefits which have followed from the Strangers' Home, established for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders; and last, not least, the special and most successful labors of the London City Mission among sailors and others coming to London from Oriental lands.

Sea Terms.

(From The Army and Navy Journal.)

The origin of some sea terms is very curious; thus, port bucklers derive their name from the bucklers of knights, which were formerly arranged along the sides of the ships in which they embarked; and the term yardarm is derived from the extremities of the yards having, in the olden time, been armed with iron hooks.—Gunwale is from gun-wall; bowsprit from bolt-sprit; combings from comings; kevel from revel, and davit from David. Captain Thomas James, who made a voyage to Hudson Bay in 1631, speaks of overlooking his tacks and shoots with other riggings of stress. He also says he hoisted his antient, that is, ensign, on the poop; and the King's colors, that is, standard, at the main on a holiday. The word hurricane seems to have been of Carib or Indian origin, for Captain Fernando de Porido, in a work on the Indies, addressed to Charles V., says:—"So, also, when the devil wishes to terrify them (the Indians), he prom-

ises them the 'huracan,' which means tempest." Typhoon is, undoubtedly, Chinese. The Chinese have temples dedicated to the Tyfon, the god of which they call Ker-woo, the "typhoon mother," in allusion to its producing a gale from every point of the compass, and this mother gale, with her numerous offspring, or union of gales, from the four quarter of heaven, makes conjointly a *toefung* or *typhoon*.

The origin of the term midshipman was as follows: The larger class of vessels of the old build had immensely high forecastles, quarterdecks and round-houses, but no gangways, as now. There was, therefore, no means of going from the quarterdeck to the fore-castle without descending into the waist; hence, messengers were necessary in order to save the captain and the officer of the watch from the necessity of ever deserting their station. These messengers took the order from the officer on the quarterdeck and carried them to the fore-castle, and likewise brought the various reports from the officers stationed forward to those in command abaft. Thence, from their station, these messengers were called "midship-men." It was from this class, and that of quartermasters, that the masters' mates were generally taken, as the contact into which they were generally thrown with their superior officers led to this distinction when their conduct was meritorious. The promotions from the class of midshipmen were much more numerous than from among the quartermasters, the former being necessarily selected from active young men, while the latter were taken from the thoroughbred old tars. The patronage invested in the captains of ships of war gradually led to the introduction into these stations of young men of respectable families, who

might, with a slight degree of interest, hope for speedy advancement.

Later, a set of youngsters were introduced into the service by what is called a King's Letter—these were called King's Letter Boys, and were but little relished by the rougher class of their associates, for having, as they termed it, "come in at the cabin windows instead of at the hawse-holes." The midshipmen at first messed with the ship's company, having one or more tables given them on the lower deck according to their number; they afterwards, in some vessels, had the head of one of the tiers given them as a mess place, the quartermasters and boatswains' mates having the other. Those midshipmen or masters' mates in whom the captain or officers took an interest were occasionally invited to their table, and in process of time the custom became general.

The term grog, as is well known, was derived from the rough "grog-ram" coat, or cloak, in which Admiral Vernon, of the British Navy, was accustomed to walk the deck in bad weather. Admiral Vernon, while in command of the West India station, and when extremely popular, on account of his reduction of Porto Bello, in 1742, with six men-of-war only, introduced this mixture of rum and water. The new beverage proved extremely popular, and was named by the men "grog" in honor of the Admiral. A song, written on board the *Burford*, Vernon's flagship, by Dr. Trotter, in 1781, in commendation of the origin of grog, has been preserved. It ends as follows:

The sacred robe which Vernon wore
Was drenched within the same,
And hence his virtues guard our shore,
And "grog" derives its name.

The title "Post Captain" originated in the British Navy in 1747, when

The rank of Captain was first defined. Those captains who commanded "Post Ships," or what, in the Royal Navy, are now called "Rated Ships," took rank, if of three years' standing, with Army Colonels, and until the year 1824 the Navy List described them as "Post Captains." The prefix "Post" then disappeared, but without any order in council or warrant being issued. Commissions have never been issued, either in the Royal United States Navy to "Post" captains. The term has been in use, however, to designate captains commanding frigates or large vessels over commanders commanding vessels of smaller size, who in ordinary conversation are styled captains.

Since the days of Van Tromp, the Dutch Admiral, the pennant has been the distinguishing mark of ships of war commanded by an officer under the rank of a Commodore or Admiral. The pennant originated in the response made by the English Admiral to Van Tromp's insolent display of a broom at his mast head, as indicative of his intention to sweep the English from the sea. The Englishman, in return, hoisted a horsewhip, as signification of his intention to chastise the Dutchman. The pennant which symbolized the horsewhip was thenceforth adopted as the distinguishing mark of a "flag officer."

The origin of the name of our turret-iron-clads is thus given by the inventor :

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1862.

SIR—In accordance with your request, I now submit for your approbation a name for the floating battery at Greenpoint. The impregnable and aggressive character of this structure will admonish the leaders of the Southern Rebellion that the batteries on the banks of their rivers will no

longer present barriers to the entrance of the Union forces. The iron-clad intruder will thus prove a secure monitor to those leaders. But there are other leaders who will also be startled and admonished by the booming of the guns from the impregnable iron turret. Downing Street will hardly view with indifference this last Yankee notion—this monitor. To the Lords of the Admiralty the new craft will be a monitor, suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing those four steel-clad ships, at three and a half millions apiece. On these, and many similar grounds, I propose to name the new battery Monitor.

Your obedient servant,

J. ERICSSON.

GUSTAVUS V. FOX, *Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, Washington.*

An Apprentice Law for our Merchant Marine.

To establish a school-ship in New York, for training boys to the sea, is very well. It is a good deal, however, like raising grapes under glass. If you want only a few, and don't care for the cost, it is a good enough way to get them; but if you want to raise grapes for wine or for market, you must take the hardier varieties and plant them out in the open vineyard. So a naval school-ship may turn out yearly a few young "Gentlemen Jacks," as an old tar would call them; but if you want seamen, experienced as well as theoretically skilful, we must raise them on board our merchant ships—out in the open sea.

And if our merchants and ship-owners intend to enter again into competition with England for the carrying trade of the world, they must begin at once to provide the stuff for sailors. There is nowhere, at present,

a superabundance of seamen. If we depend upon Europe, as we have hitherto, we shall have to pay so heavily in wages as to interfere seriously with the profits of the shipping trade and make low freights impossible.

At present the navy receives apprentices; but if a boy now, on the return of peace, wishes to enter the merchant service he must possess and use almost as much influence as he would need to get a nomination for Congress. In this matter our merchant marine stands alone of all the common callings or trades. A boy can without much difficulty obtain a place in a "store," to learn the business and to rise, if he is intelligent and honest, to the head of a business of his own. Boys are readily taken to learn different trades. But if a boy wants to learn the trade—or profession—of seaman he has no opportunity, unless he stows away in a ship and takes the risk of the captain's rage when he is discovered.

When merchant's read of the increasing number of shipwrecks, let them remember that this neglect is the cause. When they read of the ignorance and untrustworthiness of seamen, let them bear in mind that this is the cause. When they find that marine insurance is higher than formerly, they must not forget that one of the chief causes of this added expense is the neglect to reinforce the corps of American seamen by the constant introduction of hardy, enterprising and sober American boys.

Our boys are peculiarly and admirably fitted to make a first-rate race of seamen. They are quick-witted, active, hardy, adventurous. They have generally enough schooling to make them capable of learning navigation without difficulty. Out of such

a population as ours we ought to and might create and maintain the finest race of seamen in the world. But almost the only American boys who go to sea are the sons of fishermen or people living upon the eastern seacoast, sons or relatives of masters or owners, and the street boys of the great cities. The latter seldom become first-rate seamen; the former follow only a particular branch of their profession—coasting or fishing.

From the great West scarcely a dozen boys in the year become sailors, though it would be easy, with proper regulations, to draw them thence by hundreds. It may be said that it is sufficient if the navy receives apprentices. But any one who knows the difference between the two services will know better than that. In the navy merchant-seamen always take the first rank for efficiency and trustworthiness; in the merchant marine seamen trained altogether in the navy are not favorites, though they are preferred to whalemén. The merchant-seaman is brought up to work hard, to "swing his whole weight on a rope," to do many things of which the man-of-war's-man knows nothing. The latter is one of a large crew, where many hands make light work, and where the division of labor is so complete that a boy in a frigate may know all about the mizzen rigging and sails, without having an idea how a jib-boom is rigged or a jib furled. Moreover, in the navy, boys and ordinary seamen are never permitted to take their turn at steering, which is the most responsible and difficult duty of the seaman, and that for which he needs to be trained the longest time.

There are, then, many reasons why we should have a law regulating and providing for the carrying of apprentices on board merchant vessels. Every

American ship, except the coasters, ought to have a certain number of such boys apprenticed to the ship or to her owners, and they ought to be guaranteed certain rights and privileges, to give them a peculiar standing on the ship. They ought to receive proper instruction in navigation, which is easily given; and they would form an excellent guard, in the interests of the owners and officers, to be depended on in any difficulty with the crew.

With such an apprentice act we could raise and maintain a body of trained and capable seamen, Americans, with family ties to influence them for good, and of such spirit and intelligence that they would furnish an abundance of material for masters and mates. Then the shipowner would not have to trust property to officers concerning whose antecedents or character, in nine cases out of ten, he knows scarcely anything; but he would be able to promote the ablest and most trustworthy of his apprentices, in whose care his interests and those of the merchants who freight his ships would be safe. — *Evening Post.*

The Geysers.

G. H. B.

The hot springs of Iceland have been for ages celebrated, and some of them have even ranked among the seven wonders of the world. I was so fortunate as to witness a very successful performance of the Great Geyser (*i. e.*, Gusher), and congratulate myself on the same, as in his old age he is becoming less fond of display, and has even remained gloomy and taciturn while Prince Napoleon and his photographers and painters and mathematicians were standing ready

for days to picture, measure and immortalise him. Geysers are very common in Iceland. They may be frequently seen steaming away like energetic pots in the plains, and waving their white flags in the breeze. Sometimes they obligingly throw their hot water into the icy lakes, and doubtless thereby gladden the cold toes of the fish; sometimes they bubble and boil deep down below ground, in dark holes of unpleasant aspect. In the valley of "Hawkdale," where the Geyser presides, it is said above 100 hot springs are found; but only a few of them are in any way remarkable. Most of these are placed on the slope of a low hill of slaty tuffa, which rises to a height of about 300 feet above the valley; and from the summit of this hill a most beautiful view is got, not only of the boiling springs below, but also of the long green valley, with its many rivers and purple ridges of bordering hills, immediately beyond which towers the double cone of Heckla, and the range of dome-shaped *Ioküls* on either side.

Near the base of this hill there is a most beautiful, delicately tinted cavern, with bossy walls, full to the brim with boiling water, which is as clear as crystal, and entirely devoid of taste or smell. This is the favorite cooking-pot of travelers. It makes admirable tea; and we anchored in its depths sundry tin cans and sausages, whose flavor afterwards seemed exquisite to our hungry palates. This fountain was at one time the chief eruptor, but after an earthquake it ceased to play, and made over the performance to the Great Geyser, which then began. The "Great Geyser" has built up for itself a truncated conical mound, by the deposit of the silicious material so largely held in suspension

by its waters. On the summit of this mound stands the saucer-shaped basin, in the centre of which the crater or pipe opens. The basin is about four feet deep at the edge of the crater, but shallows gradually to the lip. It measures above seventy feet across, and the pipe is about ten feet in diameter, and perfectly smooth within, where it has been polished by the constant rush of the boiling water. The basin is always full, except for a short interval after an eruption, when it is emptied, and then you can walk in to the edge of the crater, over the hot stone, and look down the pipe at the fiercely boiling flood, filling gradually up again to its old level. When full, the basin looks very beautiful, from the clearness of the water and the deep blue color of the pipe. The water is always boiling, and large bubbles of air rise to the surface from the unknown regions below. The interior of the basin is rough, like cerebral coral or cauliflower, and plants thrown into the water become covered by silicious encrustation. We witnessed a grand display, after many false alarms, during which an abortive attempt was apparently made by the master of ceremonies to gratify us. With a slight tremor of the earth, and considerable groaning and sighing, a water-column, or rather, I should say, a sheaf of columns, rose higher and higher out of the basin. These columns partially sank again and again, but continued at each renewed effort to gain greater altitude, till, with a final attempt, a maximum of about 100 feet was reached. This height was only maintained for a few seconds, and down, like a telescope, the whole mass sank, the entire period consumed in the display being but seven minutes and a half. The explosion was accompanied by so much steam,

that the water column was greatly concealed; still it was a very wonderful and gratifying spectacle. As throb after throb raised the dome of water higher and higher, the excitement among the spectators was, as may be believed, very great. At one time the Geyser is said to have been much more powerful than in our day, and to have risen between 300 and 400 feet every six hours; but that was in his hot and fiery youth: he is now old and feeble, and gradually builds up a flinty tomb, which one day will enclose him, as similar formations have done not a few of his brethren. The Lesser Geyser erupts at short intervals, but to no great height; while "the Strokr" (*i. e.*, "Churn"), the remaining hot spring of chief interest in this locality, is of such an excitable disposition that he can be roused by a trick, and made to contribute to the amusement of every passer. At a depth of twelve feet from the surface, this Geyser, when quiescent, pursues his boiling trade with not a little sound and fury; but as his throat is very narrow, it can easily be closed, and so our friend choked. This ignoble act is achieved by throwing in a few shovelfulls of sod. Naturally enough, he warmly resents such liberties being taken with his windpipe, and thus, no sooner has the guide hurled in the proper dose, than, like a man with quinsy, the Strokr hisses and splutters, gasps and grumbles, till he can no longer contain himself, and up it all comes, boiling water, steam and earth, in explosion after explosion, till the whole "ingesta" have been got quit of, and his pipe is again clear. After many efforts and much excitement, he appears for a moment to calm, but again, apparently after thinking over it, he cannot brook the recollection, and at

he goes, almost as energetically as Mr. He is a great performer is this Stokkr; he would, I am sure, make the fortune of any showman who could tame him. On the whole, I think that if the water were clear the eruption of the Stokkr is more graceful, as it is nearly as high, as that of the Great Geyser.



The Chinese in the Pacific States.

Mr. Bowles, in one of his letters to the *Springfield Republican*, furnishes the following information in reference to the Chinese in the Pacific States:

"There are no fewer than sixty to eighty thousand Chinamen here.—They are scattered all over the States and territories of the coast, and number from one-eighth to one-sixth of the entire population. We began to see them at Austin, in Nevada, and have found them everywhere since, in country and city, in the woods, among the mines, north in the British Dominions, on the coast, in the mountains—everywhere that work is to be done, and money gained by patient, plodding industry. They have been coming over from home since 1852, when was the largest emigration (20,000). A hundred thousand in all have come, but 30,000 to 40,000 have gone back. None come really to stay; they do not identify themselves with the country; but to get work, to make money, and go back. They never, or very rarely, bring their wives. The Chinese women here are prostitutes, imported as much by those who make a business of satisfying the lust of men. Nor are their customers altogether Chinese; these white men patronise their wares as well. Some of these women are taken as "secondary" wives by the Chinese residents, and a sort of family life established; but as a general rule,

there are no families among them, and few children.

The occupations of these people are various. There is hardly anything that they cannot turn their hands to—the work of women as well as men. They do the washing and ironing for the whole population; and sprinkle the clothes, as they iron them, by squirting water over them in a fine spray from their mouths. Everywhere, in village and town, you see rude signs, informing you that See Hop or Ah Thing or Sam Sing or Wee Lung or Cum Sing, wash and iron. How Tie is a doctor, and Hop Chang and Chi Lung keep stores. They are good house servants; cooks, table-waiters and nurses—better, on the whole, than the Irish girls, and as cheap—\$15 to \$25 per month, and board. One element of their usefulness as cooks is their genius for imitation; show them once how to do a thing, and their education is perfected—no repetition of the lesson is needed. But they seem to be more in use as house servants in the country than in the city; they do not share the passion of the Irish girls for herding together, and seem to be content to be alone in a house, in a neighborhood, or a town.

Many are vegetable gardeners. In this even climate and with this productive soil, their pains-taking culture, much hoeing and constant watering, makes little ground very fruitful, and they gather in three, four and five crops a year. Their garden patches, in the neighborhood of cities and villages, are always distinguishable from the rougher and more carelessly cultured grounds of their Saxon rivals. The Pacific railroad is being built by Chinese labor; several thousand Chinamen are now rapidly grading the track through the rocks and

sands of the Sierra Nevadas—without them, indeed, this great work would have to wait for years, or move on with slow, hesitating steps. They can, by their steady industry, do nearly as much in a day, even in this rough labor, as the average of white men, and they cost only about half as much, say \$30 a month against \$50. Besides, white labor is not to be had in the quantities necessary for such a great job as this. Good farm hands are the Chinese, also; and in the simpler and routine mechanic arts they have proven adepts—there is hardly any branch of labor in which, under proper tuition, they do not or cannot succeed most admirably. The great success of the woolen manufacture here is due to the admirable adaptation and comparative cheapness of Chinese labor for the details. They are quick to learn, quiet, cleanly and faithful, and have no “off days,” no sprees to get over. As factory operatives, they receive twenty and twenty-five dollars a month, and board themselves, though quarters are provided for them on the mill grounds. Fish, vegetables, rice and pork are the main food, which is prepared and eaten with such economy that they live for about one-third what Yankee laborers can.

Thousands of the Chinese are gleaners in the gold fields. They follow in crowds after the white miners, working and washing over their deserted or neglected sands, and thriving on results that their predecessors would despise. A Chinese gold washer is content with one to two dollars a day, while the white man starves or moves on disgusted with twice that. A very considerable portion of the present gold production of California must now be the work of Chinese painstaking and moderate ambition.

The traveler meets these Chinese men everywhere on his road through the state; at work in the desert ditches, or moving from one to another, on foot with their packs, or often in the stage, sharing the seats and paying the price of their aristocratic Saxon rivals. * * * * *

The Chinese that come to the States are among the best of the peasantry from the country about Canton and Hong Kong. None of them are the miserable coolies that have been imported by the English to their Indian colonies as farm laborers. They associate themselves here into companies, based upon the village or neighborhood from which they came at home. These companies have headquarters in San Francisco; their presidents are men of high intelligence and character; and their office is afforded a temporary refuge for all who belong to their bodies, to assist them to work, to protect them against wrong, and to send the dead back to their kindred at home. Besides these organizations, there are guilds or trade associations among the Chinese engaged in different occupations. Thus the laundrymen and the cigar-makers have organizations, with heavy fees from the members, power over the common interests of the business, and an occasional festivity. The impressions these people make upon the American mind, after close observation of their habits, are very mixed and contradictory. They unite to many of the attainments and knowledge of the highest civilization, in some of which they are models for ourselves, many of the incidents and most of the ignorance of a simple barbarism. It may yet prove that we have as much to learn from them as they from us. Certainly here in this great field, this western half of our

continental nation, their diversified
 or is surely a blessing and a neces-
 . It is all, perhaps more even,
 on the Irish and the African have
 in and are to our eastern wealth
 progress. At the first, at least,
 y have greater adaptability and
 flection than either of these classes
 laborers to whom we are so inti-
 mely and sometimes painfully ac-
 tomed.

There are quite a number of heavy
 ecantile houses here in the hands
 Chinese. The managers are intel-
 lent, superior men. Their business
 supplies for their countrymen and
 teas and silks and curiosities for the
 Americans. They import by the hun-
 eds of thousands, even millions,
 arly ; and their reputation for fair
 d honest dealing is above that of
 the American merchants generally.

Improvements in the Whale Fishery.

The sulphur-bottom whales are very
 plenty in the Iceland and Spitzbergen
 as, and, though of large size, and
 holding an excellent quality of whale
 oil, have always been neglected by
 whalers because their specific gra-
 vity is greater than that of sea water,
 and they sink as soon as they are
 dead. The elder Captain Roys, of
 New York, after a long series of ex-
 periments, in which, with Mr. G. A.
 Lilliendahl, he perfected the Lillien-
 dahl rocket-harpoon, made an ex-
 perimental voyage, which proved
 successful, in bark Reindeer, from
 New York, in 1864. Last year
 he sailed from Glasgow in steam-
 er Visionary, built for the purpose,
 though she was too small for the
 business, took a thousand barrels of
 oil, and three large iron steamers are
 now being built at Glasgow, to be

commanded by three of the Roys
 brothers, while a fourth will sail in a
 steamer prepared for him at Copen-
 hagen by another company. The
 Reindeer is to sail from New York
 during the season, to supply the
 Glasgow vessels with coal, &c. Mr.
 Lilliendahl is concerned with them in
 the enterprise, and his agent, with
 two of the Messrs. Roys, have been
 in this city a few days, buying mine-
 ing machines and other whaling gear,
 and endeavoring to engage some of
 our old whalers as officers, but they
 seem to be rather shy of the project,
 as old whalers are invariably cro-
 chetical in regard to the manner of
 taking the monsters of the deep.

The harpoons contain each a pound
 of gunpowder, with ten-second fuse,
 and one of them is sure and instant
 death to a whale. They are fired
 with a three-inch line attached, the
 other end of which passes through
 the bottom of the boat, so as to buoy
 up a dead whale. For this reason
 larger boats are used than in ordinary
 whaling, being thirty to thirty-five
 feet long. When the vessel arrives
 at the scene, the whale is brought to
 the surface, and the blubber hoisted
 on board by steam power.

A tract of land has been purchased
 in Iceland, and experiments will be
 made in the manufacture of guano
 and bone-dust from whales' carcasses,
 as also in securing more oil from
 them.

An independent concern is fitting a
 steamer from Liverpool for the same
 business, and as the British Isles are
 within a few days' steaming of the
 whaling-ground, we should not won-
 der if the business increased to con-
 siderable magnitude.

The parties interested in this new
 fishery, and the means of prosecuting
 it, seem to have undoubted faith in

its success, considering that steam is to supersede the old style of whaling, and that a sailing vessel is as far behind the age as a hand printing press, or any other thing of the past. A steam whaler from St. John's visited Hudson's Bay last season, and was very successful, and the Scotch have for several years employed steamers in the Greenland fishery.

Well-appointed propellers can visit either Hudson's Bay, Davis Strait, Spitzbergen, or Iceland, take the whales if they are to be found, and make their way out of the ice and return home the same season, without having to undergo the hardships of a winter's incarceration in the ice. Will not some of our merchants take hold of this matter? They can as well fit steamers from this port, as can be done at St. John's, and we have no doubt but that the voyage will prove entirely successful.—*New Bedford Standard*.

Give!

From the Spirit of Missions.

Give what? Yourself. Give your whole spirit and soul and body—which God hath given and preserved for use—to *His* service who hath given you all things. You have nothing you can call your own. All things within you and around you are God's gifts. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Look at and mark some of God's great gifts to you. Of gifts *natural*, you have the *one* talent of existence; the *two* talents of life—a living body and a living soul; the *five* talents of the mental faculties and moral powers—reason and understanding, heart, conscience, and will. Of gifts *spiritual*, you have the *one* talent of the Word, the *two* talents of the Sacraments, the *five* talents of right-

eousness and truth, faith, hope, and charity. You have the Father as your Father, who in love to you has sent the Son. You have the Son, who in love to you hath given Himself for you as your Saviour, and hath sent the Holy Spirit, who hath given His benign and adorable concurrence to all that is promised you, and who, as your Comforter, abides with you forever. Marvellous loving-kindness! God first loved you. Give yourself, then, in return, first to God. See that you receive grace and guidance rightly to do this, and offering and presenting your body as a living sacrifice to God, you need scarcely be told what else—what more—you should give. It is God that hath endowed thy body with wonderful powers fitted to render Him service. It is God that hath endued thy soul with singular gifts, to use to His glory and honor. It is He that giveth thee all things, natural and spiritual, richly to enjoy; food and raiment for the body, and the daily bread of life for the soul; clothed thee with Christ's vesture of wrought gold, making thee all glorious within. It is God that giveth thee power to get wealth. What you have, has been bestowed upon you to use in His service *as He pleases*. Be profitable then, as His servant, caring for nothing so much as for His approval, commendation, and reward. Let your cup, which He has filled, overflow. It is not the cup that is full which is happy and blessed, but the cup that runneth over. Drink the cup of salvation in yourself, and seek to hand it to all around. And remember the missionary benediction of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give! When? Daily, weekly, monthly, annually, continually. *When* does God give to you? Every day! His

Gifts are new to you every morning. The Apostle lays down a rule as to this, and there is none better—for there is method in it, and method is the glue of memory, and the cement and union of all the practical Christian graces. The time *when* to give, St. Paul marks, is *the first day of the week*. How suggestive of blessings from on high is this day! On it, our Lord arose; on it, the Holy Spirit descended; on it, St. John was in the Spirit, and saw the door of heaven opened; and on this day, the gates of the sanctuary are lifted up, that our prayers and alms, may be specially offered, and go up sweetened and made acceptable by the incense of our great High-Priest's intercession, who presents our offerings at the golden altar. On this day, you can say with King David: "I am anointed with fresh oil." On the Lord's day, you have fresh supplies of heavenly grace. On this day, your books of commerce with the world are closed, your doors of trade are shut: your business is with your Heavenly Father; your books of devotion are open, and you enter into God's house with an offering of thanksgiving, and into His courts with a tribute of praise. But *first*, in your closet and at the altar of domestic devotion, you ought to inquire concerning the blessings of the previous week, and determine the *due* proportion you and your household should offer that day, or the amount you may *lay by in store* in the Church-treasury within your house—from which, as from a Christian Bethel, the ladder of the new Covenant rises, and the angels by it descend, on wings of love, with blessings from heaven. Let that divine rule be the standard of your religious gifts, "*as God hath prospered you.*"

Give! How? Willingly, cheerfully,

gladly. How does God give? "Not as the world giveth give I unto you." Every gift for Christ's sake, with whom we have all things, is bestowed with cheerfull willingness. Unbounded liberality is the glory of His character. His *ear* is never turned away from the cry of His creatures; His *heart* is ever kind, His *hand* is ever open. And as a pledge of all things, He hath given to us His greatest gift—the most precious of all—His dear Son. *Give*, then, as the child of God, of those gifts which are appendages to His kingdom, which you have sought first; and seek more and more to bear a moral resemblance to your Heavenly Father. Begin, then, by giving yourself to God, and, taking the Apostle's rule *when* to give, and in *what* proportion, and your Saviour's principle *how* to give, by self-denying practice, deepen this Christian principle within your heart, redeem your short life on earth from the wasteful folly of modern fashion, and devote your substance, which is God's gift, to the great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature.

The Fullness of Jesus.

Bleeding hearts defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,
Christ can give you rest.

Ye that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O turn and live:
Christ can still forgive.

Ye that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace:
Christ is full of grace.

Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-torn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide:
Christ for man has died.

Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely:
Christ now reigns on high.

Receipts for January, 1866.

MAINE.

Portland, Capt. Sewall.....	\$5 00
Yarmouth, Giles Loring, const. self	
L. M.....	20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Boscawen, Cong. ch., const. Rev. Milton	
M. Severance, L. M.....	\$30 50
Great Falls, First Cong. ch.....	12 25
Mason, Cong. ch., for ships' library.....	12 00

VERMONT.

Thetford Cong. ch.....	21 00
Woodstock, Cong. S. school, \$12, for ships' library.....	21 38

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Ladies' & Gentlemen's Association.....	22 00
Boxboro, Charitable Society.....	00 75
Boston, Friends for Temp. Docs.....	60 32
Chatham, Cong. ch.....	25 00
Chicopee, Third ch. S. school class.....	5 00
Clinton, Cong. ch., for ships' library.....	12 00
Dracut Central ch.....	6 25
Groton, M. Shattuck, for ships' library.....	12 00
Halifax, Cong. ch.....	10 60
Holmes' Hole, Capt. Warren, late of ship	
E. F. Mason, for ships' library.....	5 00
Lawrence, Lawrence St. ch.....	40 00
Littleton, Cong. ch.....	11 00
Lowell, High Street ch. \$12, for ships' library.....	33 44
" First Cong. ch. const. James E. Gardner, L. M.....	33 40
" S. school class libraries.....	20 00
Middleboro, First ch.....	17 27
" Union Meeting for Temp. Docs.....	8 39
Newburyport, Fem. Beth. Society, const. Mrs. Augustine Willis, L. M.....	30 00
North Weymouth, Pilgrim ch.....	11 84
" First ch.....	33 70
" Friends.....	23 77
South Hadley Falls, Rev. J. M. Merwin's ch., for ships' libraries.....	36 00
Wellfleet Cong. ch.....	32 27
Weymouth, Mrs. Stevens.....	1 50

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, Cong. S. school, for ships' libraries, and const. Minnie C. Doolittle, Mary L. Cotter, Mary N. Clark, L. M. Birmingham Cong. S. School.....	69 92
Cheshire Cong. ch., \$10, from Mrs. E. A. Bull, in part for L. M.....	12 00
East Haddam, Rev. J. Parsons.....	41 50
Ellington, Cong. S. school, ships' library	5 00
Enfield, The Misses L. for the suffering mariner.....	12 23
Fairfield, Mr. Kellogg.....	15 00
" Capt. D. M. Bunker.....	5 00
Gilead S. school class.....	2 00
Greenville Cong. ch., \$12, from S. school, for ships' library, and const. Charles D. Browning, L. M.....	1 20
Greenwich, Alfred Bell.....	38 00
Milford, Plymouth ch.....	1 00
Monroe Cong. ch.....	33 27
Mystick Bridge, Charles Denison.....	8 00
New London First Evan. Society.....	1 00
" Henry P. Haven, const. Rev. John W. Windsor, of New Oregon, Iowa, and Rev. William Windsor, of Davenport, Iowa, L. M.....	94 35
Norwalk, for supplying of First Cong. church.....	60 00
Norwich First Cong. ch.....	10 00
" Second.....	44 60
" Broadway.....	147 29
" " S. school, for ships' libraries.....	149 65
" Elizabeth Green.....	36 00
" Gardner Green, Esq.....	20 00
" Hon. J. L. Green.....	10 00
North Mansfield, Emily Hanks.....	20 00
Portland, First ch., const. Joseph Woods, L. M.....	2 00
Rocky Hill, Cons. S. school.....	20 00
Southport, F. Marquand.....	100 00

Waterbury, First Cong. S. school, for ships' libraries.....	24 00
Westbrook, Late Edward B. Lay, less U. S. Tax.....	534 22
Wilton, Cong. ch.....	10 77
Windham, Cong. S. school.....	20 00

NEW YORK.

Astoria, Pres. ch., \$10, for ships' library..	71 12
Brooklyn, Third Pres. ch.....	53 26
" Miss Mactarish.....	5 00
Champlain, First Pres. ch., \$30, from Mrs. Ruth M. Hubbell, const. her son, Silas P. Hubble, Esq., L. M.....	75 00
New York City, Thirteenth Street Pres. church.....	67 00
Broadway Tabernacle, \$50, from J. H. Dunham, const. Miss Harriett L. Dunham, L. M., \$396 35; Bible Class, for ships' library.....	408 35
Ref. Dutch ch., Washington Square.....	119 17
Capt. William F. Newall, brig Lizzie Troop.....	2 00
Mrs. C. L. Halsted.....	5 00
T. B. & Co.....	5 00
I. H. Bailey.....	5 00
J. Van Wagenen.....	25 00
S. Sturges.....	100 00
J. Coulter.....	5 00
Wm. Couch.....	5 00
A. Robertson Walsh.....	10 00
E. P. Dickie.....	100 00
S. Cobb.....	5 00
Ball, Black & Co.....	25 00
F. A. Palmer.....	10 00
Frank E. Howe.....	5 00
Henry Young.....	25 00
B. C. Root.....	10 00
John F. Trow.....	5 00
James Baker.....	2 00
Dr. Willard Parker.....	10 00
C. Farrar.....	5 00
Thomas H. Faile.....	25 00
H. R. K.....	1 00
Misses Oothout.....	20 00
Henry A. Hurlbut.....	25 00
C. F. Hunter.....	10 00
Sumner R. Stone.....	100 00
Walter T. Miller.....	10 00
Mrs. H. Holden.....	20 00
Mrs. K.....	10 00
Mr. B.....	5 00
Wm. Mathews.....	200 00
Mrs. Julia F. Noyes, for a library.....	12 00
North Jasper, Mrs. C. Lamson.....	1 00
Sag Harbor, A. E. Westfall.....	5 00
South Bushwick Ref. Dutch church (addition).....	17 00
" S. school class.....	5 00

NEW JERSEY.

Belvidere, Pres. ch.....	15 00
Newark, W. G. Vermilye, const. Mrs. W. G. Vermilye, L. M.....	30 00
M. O. V., destitute sailors.....	5 00
Six Mile Run, Peter Cortelyon, const. Henry P. Cortelyon, L. M.....	20 00

VIRGINIA.

City Point, J. G. Merryman and others..	5 00
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LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, Friends, through Rev. P. Boughton.....	22 35
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IOWA.

Des Moines, J. P. Foster.....	3 35
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FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF SEAMEN.

A Friend, New York.....	5 00
J. P. G. Foster.....	50 00
H. G. Bell.....	10 00
T. H. Suckley Rhinebeck.....	10 00
Wm. H. Webb, New York.....	100 00
J. D. M. & others.....	5 00
A Friend.....	10 00
Charles H. Rogers.....	20 00
H. R. & C. R.....	10 00

\$4,152 63

THE SEAMENS' FRIEND



CHRISTIN THE STORM.

MARK, VI: 48.

Trials of the Lower Deck.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

"What is the meaning of all this talking and writing about seamen? What!" say many "do not we know something about them? You are not going to cram us with your yarns about their trials and difficulties. Oh no, we have sailed for it." "Allow me to ask when and where? more particularly the latter, where? Did you make one of their number on the lower deck, or had you a cabin and mess-room?" If the latter, permit one who has spent some years with

the former, who has read men as well as books, humbly yet boldly to state, whatever rank you hold or held, you comparatively know nothing of the trials of him who would live soberly and righteously—in a word, of him who would be a Christian on the lower decks of our ships of war. Come, now, you who profess to know, and you who do not, with a young man just joined. He is given his ship's number and number of his mess.—There he is welcomed with shouts, with which are mingled such jests and horrid blasphemies as make him re-

coil with speechless amazement. This causes the following, "Come, come, my tar; sorry you've left your mammy? You ought to have brought your big sister to sea with you; come, cheer up, never say die; here, drink." "Aye," says another, "keep up your spirits" (*i.e.*, pour some down). Oh! how little is this young man understood! He is overwhelmed; his spirits truly want raising; but, alas! none there know how. By-and-bye he draws out his Bible to seek relief from its gracious Giver and its promises. But a lump of duff (pudding), salt junk, or fat pork, is brought into contact with his peepers, or claret bottle, and his messmates shout—"We've got a blue light, a psalm-singer; here's holy Joe." The poor fellow looks bewildered. "Well he might," say some. "He should have sought retirement; the Bible teaches us to enter into our closets," &c.

Alas! Jack has his mess, and there for the commission, some three, four or five years, he has to do all he would, and there traps and snares are laid for him that he may stumble; that he may give some occasion to his messmates and shipmates to hold him and the religion of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ up to ridicule.

And now his soul is cast down beyond measure; he thinks of his friends at home, of his Sabbath school instructions, and wishes himself again at his mother's knee, where with earnestness and simplicity he so often had said, "Our Father." He again turns to his Bible. This time cards are introduced, a song is struck up—

"So let the world jog along as it will,
Let's be free and easy still.

Alas! poor slaves! so completely has Satan duped them, that they hug the chains by which they are kept in bondage.

Follow the young man now to the upper deck: here he gets a wet swab wrapped about his head, to cool his brain and cure him of his madness, so called by his unhappy shipmates, who tell him to bear it meekly and like his Master. "Charity," say they, "suffereth long and is kind; sing us one of the songs of Zion; come, give us a sermon." If he opens his mouth it is only to get a dishcloth, tea leaves, pea soup, or something unpalatable put into it.

A change takes place, and a faithful minister of God joins the vessel. The first sermon preached is from the history of Daniel vi. 23. In it the preacher speaks of other of God's servants, yea possibly some on board the ship, who, like Daniel, were looked at with an evil eye, whose destruction of souls had been plotted over and over again. At the conclusion, the young man, whom we will still follow, retires to his mess (his secret chamber!) and there he is met with oaths and curses, his messmates declaring that he has told the chaplain what they had done, and the chaplain looked at and spoke to them. This Chaplain could testify was not the case, the sermon having been previously studied.

Again, dare that young man kneel, either in retiring, to, or arising from, his hammock? I answer "No." I hear some saying, "Of course he can, what's to hinder him?" This, he tries; monkeys, kids, pannakins, deck cloths, &c., &c., are thrown at him; hisses and groans call the attention of a sentry; the ship's corporal and sergeant of the guard are called. No one but the trembling follower of the despised Nazarene is to be seen, who is immediately taken before the officer of the watch, who questions him about the noises, &c. When told the occasion of it, he is ordered to his ham-

Jack, and told, if it happens again, will stand between the guns for the first watch, and to think himself lucky he has escaped so easily this time.

And now in silence the young man lies to his hammock, singing thus in his heart :

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone;
Though joys be wither'd all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
In this my steadfast hope relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies !"

"Oh ! what a connexion there is between the means thus used by the army of souls to destroy and the purposes designed of God !

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Thus one has been trained to work for God in this sphere, but others there are, inexperienced, and with little moral courage. Being at Rome, he is soon found doing as Rome does, while his parents and friends grieve to think of their child or former companion living thus without hope, and without God in the world.

Another change, yea, a miracle, has been wrought. One who took part in the above-named tricks becomes, through grace, a changed man; how changed ! Light has sprung up in his soul, and he is now surprised at the pitchy darkness around. He tells his companions, "I was dead but am alive. Was lost but Christ has found me. I was blind in darkness, and he has led it, 1 Cor. vi. 11. "Hey, messengers; there's one of the lights of the world; don't you think he wants puffing?" whereupon he is called to suffer as in the former case, but grace more strikingly exhibited. He was before the terror of the ship's company, because of his pugilistic science. The lion has become a lamb, and those who before gave him a wide billet, now run against him in various ways.

He is now come down, cold and hungry, from the masthead; his coffee, that should have been kept warm for him, has been thrown away in washing up, and ignorance of his being on duty is pleaded as an excuse. If he speaks, he is told his Master suffered such and such things; the bread barge is put amidships, and he is asked to go tub-thumping (preaching); a text is given him, "Charity seeketh not her own." Contrary as this is to flesh and blood, God's grace has supported them that fear Him, and these, their enemies, might well be called friends. Time, space, and regard for sensitiveness, will not allow me to place before you other and far heavier trials than those already mentioned here, to which poor Jack is subject. I hear some one saying, "Can it be so? is it possible? I answer, the above is fact.

And now for my advice, if I may give it. Send more Chaplains and Scripture Readers, and less ships' police will be required, the expenses of courts martial will soon be done away with, &c. "Come over and help us," and with your prayers strengthen the hands of those you send. Bearing the above facts in mind, defer not. Eccles. ix. 10.

Loss of the Propeller Mary A. Boardman—Heroic Conduct of New York Pilots.

On Monday night, the 8th inst., at 8½ o'clock, when the thermometer stood at 15 degrees below zero and the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, the propeller Mary A. Boardman, from Morehead City, bound to this port, grounded on Romer Shoals. Nine o'clock on Tuesday morning found the propeller still in the same fearful position and the sea breaking over her.

There were on board of the propeller at this time twenty-three men and one woman, and death seemed inevitable to all of them, when in the distance was descried a small row-boat, belonging to the pilot-boat Isaac Webb making for her. In this small boat there were only two persons, Pilots Henry Seguire and Stephen H. Jones, who had determined to save all on board the ill-fated vessel or perish in the attempt.

Pilot Seguire, the moment he discovered the perilous situation of the propeller, with the nobleness of character which characterizes unselfish natures and all truly brave men, immediately jumped into a small row-boat of the Webb and called for volunteers from his brother pilots to join him in his fearful enterprise.

The weather was so terribly cold, the sea so fearfully rough, and the wind blowing such a terrible gale, that it seemed perfect madness and self-destruction for any one to attempt to reach the propeller—in fact, it was an enterprise fraught with the greatest danger, and well calculated to appal the stoutest heart.

Under all the circumstances, it is not at all surprising that the call of Pilot Seguire was not responded to as promptly as he desired; but when he made an earnest appeal to Pilot Jones to cast aside all thoughts of himself, and to do his duty, in rescuing his fellow men from the jaws of death, that brave fellow could not resist the appeal, and jumping from the pilot-boat to the frail row-boat, the two noble-hearted men, amid the raging of the sea, the hurricane, and the fields of ice, made for the propeller, and after very toilsome work, in which they became completely encased in ice and almost exhausted, they reached the doomed vessel, and im-

mediately began to make preparations to save those on board of her, and in this, through their own lion-hearted courage, firmness and endurance, and the blessings of a Merciful Providence, they were eminently successful.

The frail row-boat was two hours in reaching the propeller, the sea dashing her again and again off in the distance, until the two brave hearts of the pilots began to sink with despair, thinking they would never be able to reach her; but still they were determined to be successful or die, and with this firm determination, which no danger, no suffering nor obstacle could change, they succeeded, and had the satisfaction and happiness at last of being the instruments of rescuing from watery graves all on board of the *Mary A. Boardman*.

Previous to the propeller being discovered by Pilot Seguire, the steamer *Charles Chamberlain*, Captain David Bird, attempted to render assistance to her; but after making repeated and fruitless efforts to get to her, Captain Bird determined to go to the city and get a surf-boat and return with it so as to enable him to reach her. He returned in about five hours with the surf-boat; but even with this he could not get to the propeller, the sea dashing the boat away at every attempt to do so.

At this time pilots Seguire and Jones, with their little row-boat and four passengers, whom, after great trouble and exertion, they had rescued from the propeller, were seen nearing the *Chamberlain*, and when they reached her the four passengers had to be hauled on board of her with ropes, it being utterly impossible to get them on board in safety in any other way.

The two pilots then made two more

rips to the propeller, and rescued eight more of the passengers, who were also taken on board of the Chamberlain.

By this time the little row-boat had become so clogged with ice as to render her perfectly useless, and Seguine and Jones had to be hauled out of her on to the Chamberlain by ropes, completely worn out with the labor and suffering they had so nobly undergone.

There were still twelve passengers on board of the propeller to be saved. Pilot Seguine said, "They must and shall be saved," and again called for volunteers to go in the surf-boat.

The call was responded to by two of the crew of the Chamberlain and two of the saved passengers, who made their way to the propeller and rescued nine more persons. Pilots Seguine and Jones did not go in the surf-boat, being too exhausted and benumbed with cold to do so; but the former mounted into the pilot-house of the Chamberlain and gave directions from it to those who manned the surf-boat.

There yet remained three others on board of the propeller, and these were saved by one of Francis' metallic life boats, belonging to the Boardman, which had previously been swamped, but which the three remaining passengers managed to secure as she came alongside the vessel, after a great deal of delay and toil, and save themselves, under directions from Mr. Seguine, whose clear ringing voice could be heard from the pilot-house of the Chamberlain, giving directions for the management of the boat.

The greatest credit is due to Capt. Bird of the Chamberlain and his men, for their efforts to rescue those on board of the Boardman, and also for their kindness and attention to them

after they had been placed in safety on board of his steamer.

Captain Jourdan of the Mary A. Boardman presented the ensign of his vessel, which had been flying with the Union down, to Pilot Seguine as a memento of the terrible scenes he had so successfully passed through.

The Heavenly Mariner.

Through tribulations deep
The way to glory is;
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas;
By waves and winds I'm tossed and driven,
Freighted with grace, and bound for heaven.

Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

When I, in my distress,
My anchor—Hope—can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast.
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

If a dead calm ensues,
And there's no breeze from heaven
The oar of prayer I use
Till better times are given;
And strive and toil for many a day,
Although I make but little way.

But when a prosperous breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale;
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.

Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear;
Nor can I in the night
See aught my soul to cheer;
But though I cannot see, I know
He's near, and will not let me go.

As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, Faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my Sun,
If he the clouds should break.
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

Ere I reach heaven's coast
 I must a gulph pass through ;
 What if my soul were lost
 When I this passage go ?
 But no, death's waves can't overwhelm
 When my great Lord is at the helm.

This gulph once safely past,
 Though rough, it is but short ;
 I shall be home at last,
 Safe anchored in the port.
 Once landed on that happy shore,
 My bark shall cross the sea no more.

Protect the Sailor.

To the Editor of Sailors' Magazine :

DEAR SIR.—It is melancholy to learn of the great number of cases of cruelty on the part of officers towards seamen crossing the Atlantic. It is time there were stringent laws passed and enforced for the protection of sailors on the high seas. As the sailor is punished for mutiny or disorderly conduct, so ought the Captain and other officers be made to suffer for ill-treatment to the sailor. I have crossed the Atlantic a few voyages, besides having sailed to various ports in India, China and Australia. I am sorry to say that on three occasions I have witnessed cruel treatment towards seamen by their officers. Generally, these officers were given to drinking liquor. I have no doubt that there are cases of mutiny brought on by harsh treatment and bad conduct on the part of officers. It has been my lot to sail with good officers, and where they were kind, Christian men, everything went on well, the ship was well worked, and in bad weather and in time of danger, every sailor did his duty.

I would suggest, for the benefit of the sailor, and the safety of the ship and passengers, that a law be passed to prohibit all liquors being used on board ship, aft as well as forward. In the next place, all officers and seamen should have certificates as to fitness

for the positions they hold ; and in case of cruelty on the part of said officers, fully proved, the Commissioner should have power to withdraw their certificate. Printed rules and regulations for carrying out discipline in the ship should be posted up in the cabin and forecabin. This would be well for the owners of ships, and for their interest that these regulations are enforced. Much expense might be saved, and the sailor would be benefited.

I wish every ship sailing out of this port had Christian officers in command. Of late years, much has been done for sailors. They have our warm sympathy, exposed as they are often to danger and hardship. I close this with an earnest desire that the time will soon come when every Son of the Ocean shall be a temperate as well as a Christian man.

WM. H. BRADSHAW.

Our Foreign Work.

Rev. James Spencer, of St. John's, N. B., reports, for the year just closed, the arrival at that port of 14,000 seamen. Of this number, 1,122 were American seamen, belonging to 72 American vessels, and these exclusive of large numbers in American ships having British registers. He says that in his labors among seamen, he has had in view the spiritual interests of ALL, irrespective of country, color or denomination.

The St. John's Mariners' Friend Society, which he succeeded in organizing about a year ago, seems to be gaining upon the people as a needed and useful institution.

"The seed sown by the Seamen's Chaplain (writes Mr. Spencer), is not generally observed to spring up and bear fruit at once, inasmuch as it may

he said to be cast on *floating* soil." He may be assured, however, that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days." A few instances have occurred which encourage the hope that the labor expended has not been altogether in vain. One young man, after listening to a discourse from the words, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," appeared deeply impressed, and then and there resolved to live so as through the merits of the Saviour to obtain an entrance into the desired haven. Another interesting case was that of a Prussian sailor, who belonged to the ill-fated ship, Bessie Hathaway, when she was abandoned at sea. Owing to exposure, to cold and hunger, for eleven days on the wreck, he became ill and subsequently died, but not until he became an humble penitent, leaving behind him the assurance of his blessed immortality.

In prosecuting our work, we have spent the Sabbath as follows: From 9 o'clock A.M., till 12½ o'clock, visiting ships and boarding-houses, to which we could gain access, distributing tracts, and during the fine weather in summer, when opportunity offered, holding service on board some ship, at the same time inviting seamen to attend preaching at three o'clock, in the Marine Hall. Seven hundred and eighty vessels have been visited on the Lord's Day, and a large number on the week days, when sailors were on duty, and time did not permit them to hold much conversation.

Eighty sermons were preached, one hundred and fifty visits made to sick seamen, and twenty thousand pages of tracts distributed.

These feeble efforts, put forth for the spiritual benefit of souls, we humbly trust the great Head of the Church

will, in his infinite wisdom, use in aid of bringing to pass the fulfilment of His blessed promise: "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee."

DENMARK.

Rev. F. L. Rymker, under date Jan. 1, writes from Odense, giving an interesting account of his labors. In the last quarter he has visited 107 ships, and distributed Bibles and Tracts among seamen as he had opportunity. He is much encouraged in his work, and has the great pleasure of knowing that his labors have comforted many and led others to Christ.

He says: "A young seaman from one of our islands, who was brought to the knowledge of the truth in America, has come home, and bears testimony for Jesus. How my heart rejoices to learn of Danish and Norwegian seamen being converted in your Mission Hall in Brooklyn."

GOTHLAND.

Our good friend, John Lindelius, writes that he is diligently prosecuting his work, holding meetings for seamen and their families, visiting the sick, distributing Bibles, and improving every opportunity to serve the cause of his blessed Master. He says he has a helper of late in a Methodist preacher, who lives in Wisby, and draws his support from New York.

STOCKHOLM.

In his last quarterly report, our missionary, Mr. Ljungberg, gives an account of his meeting with a captain from the south of Sweden, whom he found in a dreadful state, having fallen a prey to temptation, and afraid to come afresh before the throne of grace:

"Some distance out of Stockholm, he had left his vessel in despair, being tempted to take his own life. I tried

to point him to Jesus, but all apparently in vain. After prayer in his behalf, he seemed to appear more calm, and, turned from his suicidal purpose, he went back home, where he has a Christian wife. May the Lord, in great mercy pity this wanderer!"

Mr. L. has been very successful during this last three months, in distributing the Scriptures among sailors on shipboard and on shore, and in his usual and varied missionary labors.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. P. E. Ryding, our chaplain at this station, in his last letter, dated Jan. 22, says:

"The Lord has turned his grace towards me in the last quarter, giving me the opportunity to preach twenty-five sermons, to hold seven prayer-meetings, and to make twelve visitations to the sick, I have also visited 538 ships, distributed 225 Bibles and Testaments (Danish, German, English, Dutch, and French), 425 religious books, and 8,500 tracts in various languages."

CHINCHA ISLANDS.

John Bryce's Circular for December reports the arrival at the Chinchas of seventy-one vessels during that month. These vessels register from 1,042 to 27,773 tons burthen.

Quarterly Report of Rev. Ola Helland.

The Seaman's Missionary, as compared with the Ward Missionary, labors under this disadvantage: He cannot follow up the good impression that may have been made either by tracts, personal conversation, or by the preaching of the Gospel; nor can he gather up the results that may have been accomplished by his labors as in a ward; but we feel thankful to God that we have enough to convince

us that the Lord is blessing our efforts to bring sinners to Christ.

Some who have attended our meetings in the Mission hall have not only been brought to Christ themselves, but are laboring to induce others to come to the dear Saviour, wherever they go, some on the sea, and others in foreign lands.

The services on the Sabbath have been well attended, and over thirty persons have come forward for prayer during the past three months, nearly all of them seamen. I am thankful to God that His presence has been felt in our meetings. Brethren from the Bethel Ship and other Churches have attended my meetings and labored with me to save our countrymen. The last Sabbath of the past year was a very interesting one. Seven sailors came forward for prayer. One of them was an old schoolmate of mine. It was over forty years since we last met. He wept much, and as I bowed by his side for the purpose of directing him to Jesus, he looked at me and said, "I suppose you don't know me. *I am also another sinner from Stavanger.*" This is the name of the city where I was born.

At the close of the meeting, we invited the people to meet us at the Bethel Ship in the evening, where we assisted Pastor Hedstrom in the closing services of the year. It will long be remembered. My old schoolmate was at the altar of prayer with many others, and there we offered ourselves to the Lord as the clock struck twelve, and we passed from the old into the New Year on our knees before the Lord.

A Tract distributor reports a great demand for Tracts, during the last quarter, especially in the Spanish language, and many have been in-

duced to attend Church by reading Tracts.

The Library work is increasing in extent; a large number have been returned from naval vessels, and most of them appear to have seen hard service. The last lot of thirty-nine received came from Philadelphia. Over forty old libraries have been refitted and sent to sea during the last three months. The whole number shipped during the quarter is seventy-four.

OLA HELLAND.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1866.

Rev. Mr. Bates' Monthly Report.

REV. MESSRS. LOOMIS & HALL:

In our work among those in the Navy, I am much encouraged. There is a change among many for the better. The books of our Libraries, with the Bible and other religious reading which we furnish each naval vessel, are the agencies, under God, of producing this change. These books have led many careless ones to consider their ways, and seek for pardon by faith in Christ. I have supplied, during the month, 6 libraries to naval and 2 to merchant vessels; also, 43 naval vessels with 643 copies of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND and LIFE BOAT, 4,288 religious periodicals, 39 Bibles, 306 Testaments, 13 Prayer Books, and 3,800 pages of Tracts. I have also supplied 368 vessels of various descriptions in the merchant service, with 430 FRIENDS and LIFE BOATS, 1 Bible, 10 Testaments, 734 religious publications and 862 pages of Tracts. There is an improvement in our congregation and Sabbath School. We are favored by the great Head of the Church with the gracious influences of His Spirit in the awakening and conversion of sinners. At our meeting, last evening, nineteen arose for

prayer, and seven professed to have found peace in believing. In my visits among those who attend at our hall, I find many who say pray for me, both from the land and from the boats. We trust that many may be brought into the fold of Christ. We praise God for what He has done for us.

E. O. BATES.

Sailors' Home.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1866.

To the Amer. Seamen's Friend Society.

GENTLEMEN—The arrivals during the present month have been one hundred and twenty-five. These have made a deposit of fifty-eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. Out of this amount, twenty-eight hundred and fifty dollars were deposited in bank, and twenty-five hundred and eighty-two dollars have been sent to friends or relatives. The number in the Home at the present date is fifty-six. The chances for getting men away have been bad for several months, and their wages so low that seamen have suffered much by not having needful clothing for the severe weather on our coast. We have had a large number of shipwrecked and destitute men, and many applications from men whom we did not receive, because they were not worthy of your charity. We have succeeded in sending two old men to the Snug Harbor, two to Boston, and one to England, and two who were sick to the Hospital. One who was unable to go as a sailor, we furnished with a good situation on shore. Several more remain in the Home at the present time.

Your's,

J. H. CASSIDY,

Sup. Sailor Home.

**Report of Colored Sailors' Home,
No. 2 Dover Street.**

NEW YORK, 29th Jan., 1866.

To JAMES DEMAREST, Esq., Chairman,
and Members of the Sailors' Home
Committee.

GENTLEMEN—Sixty-one stewards, cooks and seamen have boarded at the Home for the month of December, 1865, and Fifty-six for the month of January, 1866. Notwithstanding the stagnation of the shipping interest, we have managed, by dint of strict economy, to keep out of debt. While the Home is not as full as we could wish, yet it is gratifying to know that the boarders continue to improve in morals, and are adapting themselves to a better mode of life. Many attend religious service, and take a deep interest in their soul's welfare. Our morning and evening prayers are always well attended. I have adopted the plan of having prayers before breakfast and before tea in the dining-room, and sometimes before dinner, always saying grace before eating. It is seldom we are troubled with men addicted to the habit of being out late at night, or staying out all night, or coming home intoxicated; but, on the contrary, we often have them remaining in all the evening, reading and conversing in an agreeable and profitable manner. I have been thus particular, because I am sure you will be pleased to hear that your labors for the moral and religious elevation of seamen, are being, under God, so successfully demonstrated.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

Success of the Missionary Cause.

At the beginning of the present century, there were no missionary societies in the United States; and now there are 100.

Then there were no missionaries among the heathen; now there are 3,000, and 7,000 native assistants.

Then there were no churches on the heathen soil; now there are 4,000 Christian churches where heathenism once prevailed.

Then there were no heathen converts; now there are 380,000 church members of converted heathen, and as many nominal Christians.

Then there were no Christian schools; now there are 3,000, with 550,000 children under Christian instruction.

Then the Bible did not exist in a single heathen language; now it is translated into 120 of the most important heathen tongues.—*Morning Star*.

The Church of the Sea and Land.

We take the following from the *Journal of Commerce*, expressing also our gratification at the success of a movement which promises a lasting good to seamen, and to the families of seamen and others living in the vicinity where the Church is located:

"This Church have purchased the old Dutch church, corner of Market and Henry streets, thus saving it from being taken down. This church of the Sea and Land, under the auspices of the Presbyterian churches in New York, has been founded for the benefit of seamen and their families, and it is in a prosperous condition. But it needs help. It is of immeasurable value to our mercantile and commercial interests. It is doing great good among sailors, and the lower classes resident in the 7th Ward and other down town parts of the city. Its Sunday School is large and flourishing, its temperance influence is widely extended by meetings which are well attended, and its good effects

are daily visible. The church is under the care of the Rev. Alexander McGlashan. We have no hesitation in directing the attention of mercantile men of all classes to this noble work, whose benefits are to be felt by them. We have often called attention to the money view of good morals and religion. Poor as the argument is, it has force with some, and we believe it a legitimate argument for Insurance offices, shipping merchants, and all the men of business in a city like this, when such an institution is brought before them. Such a Church is a grand insurance office. It will save many a ship and cargo. But the higher argument, the immediate and resulting good to men, the direct influence and the civilizing influences in remote ports, originating here, cannot be too strongly impressed. We commend the Church to the support of merchants of all denominations."

The Work among Seamen.

It will be glad news to those who are praying for this end to learn that there is a remarkable religious interest among the seamen now in the ports of New York and Brooklyn.

The various Mission Stations, Bethels, and Mariners' Churches in these cities are better attended than ever; and at almost every Sabbath and week-day service, sailors are hopefully converted to God.

Pastors, chaplains and missionaries laboring for these men are greatly encouraged, and their work is blessed to the salvation of many souls. The Lord be praised!

Acknowledgment.

In response to our article in the last number of the MAGAZINE, we have received from known and unknown

donors the several sums reported under the head of "contributions for the widows and orphans of sailors."

We are also happy to acknowledge a grant of tracts from the American Tract Society, Nassau Street, for the use of our chaplains and missionaries.

Life Members and Directors.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an annual member; Thirty dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One hundred dollars, or a sum which, in addition to a previous payment for that purpose, makes one hundred dollars, constitutes a Life Director. Life Directors and Life Members are entitled to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for life.

Remittances for this object may be made to the order of Samuel Brown, Assistant Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall street, New York.

Position of the Planets for March.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month, setting near the west point of the horizon at the beginning, and near the W. N. W. at the end. On the first few days setting with the sun, and later until the end of the month, when it sets about an hour after the sun. It is well situated for observation.

VENUS is near Mercury on the 2nd, and sets nearly with the sun, till towards the end of the month, when it sets a little after him.

MARS rises at the end of the month in the E. S. E. point of the horizon, and is a morning star, rising about an hour before the sun throughout the month.

JUPITER is visible as a morning

star for about 2 hours at the beginning of the month. This interval increases to about three hours at the end. It rises nearly S. E. by E. during the year.

SATURN will be visible all through the night after 11 P.M., at the commencement of this month, and after 9 P.M., at the end. B. B.

Nautical School, 92 Madison Street.

Total disasters reported in January.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month of January, is 86, of which 56 were wrecked, 7 burnt, 18 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, and 4 are missing. The list comprises 9 steamers, 14 ships, 13 barks, 13 brigs, and 37 schooners, at an estimated valuation \$1,950,000, not including cargoes.

The annexed list gives the names with the ports whence hailing, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burned, *a* abandoned, *sc* sunk by collision, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Liberty, *b*, from Alexandria, for Philadelphia.
Mary A. Boardman, *w*, from Morehead C. for New York.
Chas Benton, *a*, from Newb'n, N. C. for New York.
Arethusa (tug), *w*, from Charleston for Philada.
T. A. Poulkes (tug), *w*, from Richmond for Norfolk.
Richmond, *w*, from Savannah for Baltimore.
Wyandotte, *w*, from Boston for New York.
Thos Sparks (tug), *w*, (In Mobile Bay.)
Fairfax, *b*, from New York for Washington.

SHIPS.

Jennie Hight, *w*, from Bangor for New Orleans
Ellen Maria, *b*, (At Apalachicola) for Liverpool.
Harriet, *w*, from New Orleans for Liverpool.
Mary Blades, *a*, (British) from New York for Queenstown.
Casilda, *b*, from Liverpool for Boston.
William Tell, *w*, from Simon's Bay for Puget Sound.
Gratitude, *a*, from Liverpool for New York;
Meridian, *w*, from New York for London.
Guy Mannering, *w*, from New York for Liverpool.
Albion, *w*, from Liverpool for New York.
Palinurus, *w*, from Liverpool for New York.
Tigress, *a*, from Nevassa for Hull, Eng.
Portsmouth, *m*, from Nevassa for Queenstown.
Christiana, *a*, from London for New York.

BARKS.

B. Sewall, *w*, from Bath for New Orleans.
Energy, *w*, (British), from Trieste for New York.
Agippina, *b*, (British), from New Orleans for Liverpool.
Decatur, *w*, from Port Ludlow for San Francisco.
Sciota, *w*, (British), from Baltimore for Rotterdam.

Camp Vale, *w*, from Nevassa for Philadelphia.
Norma, *w*, from Richmond, Va. for London.
Leander, *w*, (British) from New York for Liverpool.
Diadem, *a*, from New York for Liverpool.
Otter, *w*, (British), from Philadelphia for Havre.
Mary E. Purdy, *a*, from Cardiff for Morehead City.

BRIGS.

Celia M. Carver, *a*, from Georgetown, S. C. for Searsport.
Spartan, *w*, from Boston for Gonaives.
Janet Kidston, *w*, from Cornwallis for Baltimore.
Emma C, *w*, from Surinam for Boston.
Wm. Carey, *a*, from New York for Liverpool.
Three Sisters, *b*, from Antwerp for New York.
Frithiof, *a*, (Danish) from Philadelphia for Falmonth, Eng.
Alice Gray, *m*, from Dorchester, N. B. for Baltimore.
Neva, *w*, from New York for Jacksonville.
Royal Standard, *a*, (British), from Philadelphia for Gibraltar.
Thos. Connor, *a*, from Matanzas for Portland.
P. R. Curtis, *w*, from Philadelphia for Portland.
Harriet, *m*, from Elizabethport for Boston.
Emma, *w*, (British), from Richmond for Rio Grande.
Josephine, *a*, (Portuguese) from New York for Oporto.

SCHOONERS.

Wilmington, *a*, from Bangor for Boston.
Amazon, *w*, from Boston, for Gonaives.
Vesta, *sc*, from Baltimore for Newbern, N. C.
Adamant, *w*, (British) from Boston for St John N. B.
Elliott, *w*, from Baltimore for Richmond.
M. C. Rowe, *w*, from Gloucester for Newfoundland.
West Gleam, *w*, from New York for Gloucester.
Benjamin Franklin, *w*, from Millbridge for New York.
Josephine, *w*, from Middletown N. C. for Wilmington, N. C.
Texas, *w*, from Norwich for Virginia.
H. K. Dunton, *w*, from Richmond for New York.
Christina, *w*, from New York for Boston.
Warren, *w*, from Matanzas for Bristol, R. I.
R. B. Boggs, *a*, from Providence, for Granville.
Annie Laurie, *w*, from Boston for Bridgetown.
Lucy Ann, *w*, (British) from Halifax for Baltimore.
Rio Grande, *w*,
Augusta, *w*, from Rockland for New York.
Lizzie Wild, *w*, (At Umpqua River, Cal.)
M. C. Durfee, *a*, from Georgetown, D. C. for Fall River.
Yorktown, *w*, from New York for Georgetown.
Mary and Adeline, *a*, from New York for Chincoteague.
Iram Smith, *a*, from Georgetown, D. C. for Fall River.
Emeline O. Johnson, *w*, from Wilmington, N. C. for New York.
R. Thompson, *w*,
Emma L. Day, *a*, from Newbern, N. C. for New York.
Pattie Martin, *w*,
Gen. Sheridan, *w*, from Newfoundland for Gloucester.
Adelaide, *w*, from Portland for Suffolk, Va.
City Point, *w*, from Boston for Beaufort, N. C.
Mary Jane, *w*, (At Bagdad, Mexico.)
Neptune, *w*, from New Orleans for Rio Janeiro.
Celeste, *w*, from St. John, N. B. for Boston.
A. H. Manchester, *w*, from Philadelphia for Cienfuegos.
Okolona, *w*, from Liverpool for Baltimore.
Melrose, *w*, from New York for Inagua.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

MARCH, 1866.



Vol. 7.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

[No. 3.]

Our Sea Libraries.

LIBRARY No. 1,197.—As an expression of gratitude to the Society for the good which this library has done, Mr. J. G. Merryman, of the barque Welkin, who has it in charge, sends us five dollars to assist our general work.

No. 1,500.—“I know that it has been all read, and I believe it has done much good.” P. F. S.

No. 1,501.—“Returned with the sincere thanks of all the officers.”

C. H. ARMSTRONG.

No. 1,565. “The books have been read with delight and profit. Our meetings have been well attended, and a deep solemnity seemed to rest upon all present.” D. N. BUTTON.

No. 1,327.—Has been on a fishing voyage to the Grand Banks. Returned and gone to St. Francisco in ship California; 27 men.

No. 883.—Has been to Buenos Ayres, in barque Catherine Maud; books much read. Re-shipped to the Arrameda for Havana.

No. 275.—Has been three voyages, “and done much good.” Now on board the schooner Edith, for Cuba.

No. 450.—Worn out on board a man-of-war.

No. 876.—Returned from Rio; read with much interest; some books missing.

No. 1,347.—Has been to Malaga in the barque Fury. Thanks returned for use of library, which has done much good.

No. 875.—Went to sea in the schr. T. J. Colyar for New Orleans. Transferred to the U. S. steamer Neptune, thence to U. S. steamer Morris. “Has kept a group of men from gambling, and been helpful in preserving order and good morals on board.”

No. 1,217.—Went to sea in the brig Adams for Port Royal. At Beaufort the Captain visited a colored Sunday School, and finding them destitute of books, gave thirty-three volumes to the school, intending to pay for them. He died on his return to Boston. The library was replenished by the donor, and went to sea in the brig Nelopa for Hamburg. The following letter is from the Superintendent of the above S. School:

BEAUFORT, Dec. 18, 1865.

To the Sec'y of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

DEAR SIR—Captain Bean, of the schooner H. Sawyer, attended my

Sabbath-school in August last, and, seeing that we had no library, gave me thirty-three books, the property of your Society, which he said he should pay for; but God called him to leave this world before he reached you. The books are being used by the colored children, adults and others, and I hope may be the means, under God's blessing, of doing good.

Very respectfully Your's

GEORGE WATERHOUSE.

Almost Saved!

A man is drowning! He fell off the pier-head into the sea, and look! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him. Now he has it! No, he has missed it! Ah! that wave has carried him further out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was so near it!

Near being saved! Why, the rope fairly touched his hand! Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

I know of more than one person who is "almost persuaded" to be a Christian. But there is one great difference between them and that poor drowning man. It was not his fault that he missed the rope. He did all that he could; he clutched at that rope with all the strength of despair; and who blames him because he missed it? But, ah! it is not so with them. They know that they might be saved at this moment if they would; but instead of laying hold of Christ at once, they are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. Delays are, generally dangerous; in this great matter they are too often the road to destruction. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."—Ps. xcv. 7, 8.

An Eloquent Old Lady "down on the Rumseller."

Riding in the cars, I heard behind me a shrill voice exclaim, "Would to God that the Maine Law could have passed fifty years ago!" We turned to find an old lady on the seat back

of us venturing her wish in the midst of an earnest discussion between a Maine Law Yankee and a red-nosed member of the bottle fraternity. "Yes," continued the old lady, "fifty years ago! A husband would not have gone down to a drunkard's grave, my daughters married drunkards and lived lives of sorrow, or my boys have died in jail and the madhouse. Look at me," and with something of a fire kindling up in her old eyes, she laid her bony hand upon the arm of the liquor-dealer, "and see the fruit of your accursed business. I was young, and had enough of this world's goods, and my heart was full of happiness and hope. My God! sir, how they have poured desolation into this old heart! I am often bitter, and do you wonder? Such as *you* robbed me of my children, and at eighty years of age, I am alone! Do you hear—*alone!* And let me tell you this hand never wronged the least of God's creatures. But you, sir, have wronged *me*. You, sir, talk about the domicile and say it is sacred. God forgive me, but I remember the day when *my* home was entered by the constables and skinned of all. I remember when the Bible my mother gave me was taken away for drink. I remember the time when my first-born was laid in my arms from a drunken husband's hands, and its little life-blood ran warm into my bosom from its wounds. Why, sir," said the old woman, half rising in her seat, "in God's holy name, did you come into *my* house to rob and kill? Was *that* constitutional? I have one child living—in the asylum—a *maniac*. It's all the work of your hands. There is *blood there!* *Blood, sir!* Better, sir, have a millstone around your neck than sell rum. The curse of the widow be upon you! It will follow you. The serpents you send out shall return to you and to yours. *Give me that bottle!*" Involuntarily, as it almost seemed, the liquor-dealer handed the old lady the bottle which he held in his hand. She dashed it out of the car window, and slowly resumed her seat. The people, who had crowded around while the train was stopping, to hear the conversation, slowly and thoughtfully dispersed to their seats, and the now cowering

liquor-dealer looked the very embodiment of humiliation and shame. With deep sigh we turned away, our own faith made stronger by the Maine-law sermon we had listened to. Ah! how many in our land would have escaped the bitterness of life, had rum been banished in their day!

Dangers of the Deep.

The number of recent marine disasters upon the Atlantic coast has been fearfully large. Within the last two months, fourteen sea-going steamers have been totally lost on the coast causing a sacrifice of one hundred and fifty lives, and the destruction of much valuable property. There has been no parallel to this destruction of property since 1854. In that year there was a long succession of bad weather upon the coast, and its effects were very disastrous, as is now the case. The series of railroad disasters which horrified the whole country during the fall months, has been apparently succeeded by a no less disastrous agent in the shipwrecks that have lately been so numerous.

"Fair Play."

In a shipyard, one day, a tar from a man-of-war was observed watching two men dragging a seven foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went, see-saw, see-saw, pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over a while until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw; and as one was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsized him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he sang out, "Now run, you beggar!"

History of a Drinking Club.

Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in its mu-

nicipal affairs; several of its members were elected to fill posts in the town council. The drinking was carried on to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were often to be found in the club at all hours of night or day. Their drinking was often connected with such noisy mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of *delirium tremens*; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.

Jim and the Compass-Box.

When Tom the sailor-boy and his father came into port, another sailor came off the vessel with them. He was called "Jim, the boy from Maine" though he was much more of a man than a boy.

Jim made a visit to Tom's mother. He was a kind, good fellow. He could tell long stories of the sea. The children followed him around, and kept near him all day long.

"Now, boys, I'll tell you," said Jim one day. "We got lost at sea once. We couldn't tell where we were going to for a while."

"Got lost!" cried Frank Gill: "I should think you would. How do you ever know where you are going, Jim?" Jim looked as if he knew, but wouldn't tell.

"Now come tell us, Jim," said two or three voices.

"Did you ever see a compass, boys?" "A compass! What is that?"

"I'll show you," said Jim; and he left the boys on the shore, and ran back to the house where Tom's father lived. The boys watched a few minutes till they saw Jim coming with a little box in his hands.

"Now, boys, I'll sit down on this log, and show you a compass, such as we use at sea." The box was covered with glass. The boys came round and looked. "Does this keep you from being lost at sea Jim?"

"Yes; and I'll show you how. This card is divided into thirty-two points.

Now, begin here at the north, and count them round. Then look at this little needle. "If it is ever so dark or stormy, it points right to the north, and this shows us how to sail. There is a magnet, or loadstone, which gives the needle the power to do this; and it always does it where it has a fair chance. We put this box on board ship, where the man can see it who stands at the helm to steer; and, by looking at the needle, he knows which way to guide the ship.

"Now, hurrah for the compass, boys, and for every boy who steers right! To steer right is to go just the way the Bible tell us. This makes good boys, brave boys, great men, and happy men."—*English Paper.*

The Reprieve.

I had long wished to be the bearer of life to some condemned cell. My wish was granted me. It was on a Tuesday night that a poor sentenced criminal was to be hanged. He was within one day of the fatal drop. But on the Monday, all unexpectedly, I was summoned to take him his life. This, as I have said, is what I had long wished for. So wonderful a privilege was it to be in a position to give *life!*

My first thought was, "Where is the train that can bear me swift enough to the cell?" I dreamt not of delay. Delay appeared cruel, until at the very threshold of the prison, I thought me thus: "How can I tell him? The news will kill him. The man will die if I tell him, so great will be the revulsion. He *has* died, so to speak. He *is* dead in law; and he is already in the bitterness of death." So, with life in my hand, I stand before the victim in his cell. His face is wan, his knees feeble. His vacant eyes have no tears, but are red, and look as if, with dry, hot grief, they had burned down into their sockets. Melancholy picture! She who owned him as her husband had just been carried out from the last separation—still, and seemingly a corpse, unconscious of the strange last kiss which a murderer had impressed on her lips. The expectant orphans, after *their* wretched farewell, were crying over

the yet motionless form of their mother.

"My poor man, can you read?"

"Yes," was the reply.

But, fearing to break the royal pardon to him too suddenly, I added.

"Would you *like* your life?"

"Sir," he responds, "do not trifle with me."

"But life is sweet; is it not?"

"Sir, I would rather you would not speak to me."

"But would you not like me to procure your life?"

"It is of no use, sir: I'm justly condemned. I'm a dead man."

"But the Queen *could* give you your life?"

He looks inquiringly at me, but is silent.

"Can you read this?"

And now those hot eyes were directed down upon the paper. As he intently reads, putting his arm around my shoulders, I say,—

"There my poor fellow,—there is your life."

No sooner had I uttered the words, than, as I expected, he dropped down at my feet. There he lies, as it were, *dead!* It was more than he could bear.

What! when a man to whom a reprieve is announced, granting him a few more short years of natural life, falls down as dead, may not a sinner, who finds he is not to be lost, but that, on believing, he *is* saved—he has Christ and heaven and everlasting life,—I say, may not *he* weep, yea, cry,—cry for joy?

Yes, rescued soul, cry, cry aloud,
And weep warm tears of joy,
Snatched from the horrors of the pit,
Wide yawning to destroy.

Fall at the feet of Him as dead
Who gives thee pardon free:
Thou dost not, canst not, may not, know
From what he saveth thee!

Oh! couldst thou for one moment view
That gulf of darkness drear,
Where Love's dear glances never beam,
Nor falls sweet Pity's tear;

Couldst thou but see the stony brows
Enthroning black despair,
And hear the agonizing shriek
Of "Lost" wild ringing there,—

How wouldst thou bless the mighty grasp
That held thee back from thence,
Low weeping at the Saviour's feet,
In gratitude immense!

Yes, rescued sinner, cry aloud,
And weep warm tears of joy:
Saved from the second death, thy soul
No spoiler shall destroy.

English Paper.